

Calling

by Samantha Spanner

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Calling

****Author's Note:**

>Well well, it appears that I am adding a HTTYD fic to my all-Car lineup, eh?
The concept behind this was a bit random, so be warned.**

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><p>A sudden, high pitched whistle broke the night's silence, followed by a loud, resounding bang.<p>

Hiccup woke with a start as the sound arose causing shockwaves that were strong enough to rattle large, loose objects. The cascade of papers and pencils that landed on his head quickly reminded him that he had accidentally fallen asleep at his desk, again. As the young Viking stood and began righting various objects around the room, he remembered why he had tried to stay awake that night.

Outside, a large, black dragon with piercing, yellow-green eyes perched near one of Berk's many cliffs, staring out over the ocean, watching a few, final wisps of blue fire fade into the night.

Hiccup looked at the window at the Night Fury. He'd managed to figure a lot of things regarding his dragon out, but these actions still confused him.

Every year, on the same day, Toothless would rush up to the cliff, and launch a ball of explosive fire as far out over the water as he could. Then, as the fiery blast faded, he would stay there the entire night, staring out over the sea, almost unblinking.

Hiccup started to make his way outside, quietly shutting the door behind him with a sense of caution and quiet unbeknownst to most Vikings. Oddly, he was always the only one awakened by Toothless's tradition, and the last thing he wanted was to do was wake up the village. After all, they were all like grumpy bears this time of year, and if you woke someone up, you had to have a really, really good reason.

Personally, Hiccup didn't mind being woken up in the middle of the night. In fact, he always found the way the moonlight reflected off of the snow and ice rather pleasant, pretty even - not that he'd let on to that fact to anyone besides Toothless.

After a few minutes of slipping and tripping through the knee-high snow, Hiccup was close enough to reach out and touch the dragon's wing.

"Hey, Toothless." he greeted quietly, not wanting to startle the Night Fury.

Toothless greeted his human with a small flick of his head, not taking his eyes away from the sky filled half with stars, half with snowflakes.

Normally, Hiccup would have thought something was wrong if Toothless was acting this way, but he'd gotten used to this yearly occurrence. He took a few steps forward, until he was next to the dragon's shoulder. Trying desperately not to even so much as acknowledge the drop a yard in front of them, let alone look at it, he watched Toothless's face closely, wondering what was going through his mind.

Toothless's face was a muddle of expressions at the moment, a strange mix of boredom, discouragement, determination, and fatigue. There was something else there, too, something that only someone who knew him as well as Hiccup did would notice- a certain spark in his eyes, a wildness, a freeness. It was as if he was doing something he'd done forever, something that brought to mind his past.

Hiccup reached over the space between them and laid his hand on Toothless's snow-covered shoulder.

Seemingly calmed by the touch, Toothless lowered himself into a sitting position with a contented murmur, though he was still staring at the falling snow.

Hiccup had no way of knowing how long they were there, it could have been minutes, it could have been hours, but he knew that Toothless was growing anxious.

Eventually, Toothless laid down with a moan, resting his head on his paws.

It was then that Hiccup guessed that, maybe, Toothless was waiting for something to happen.

"Oh, Toothless," he said, sitting down on a snow bank beside the Night Fury, "What's wrong, buddy?"

Toothless, for the first time that night, turned and looked at the

boy, a faked casual smile across his face.

Hiccup didn't fall for the grin. "Really, what is it, boy?"

Toothless turned away, looking out over the water once more.

"Toothlessâ€¦" Hiccup started, before he noticed that the dragon's ears were erect, and his head was tilted in curiosity.

Toothless suddenly jumped to his feet, sending the snow that had built up on him flying, mostly onto Hiccup.

"Ppft, agh, Toothless!" Hiccup protested, jumping up and brushing off a good-sized bucket load of snow.

Toothless was paying no attention, he was too busy wiggling around excitedly, swinging his tail around like an excited dog. So much so, that Hiccup was knocked into the snow again by two fins, one black, one canvas.

Looking up at his dragon from the snowy indent, Hiccup wasn't sure whether to find the situation funny or annoying. Before he had a chance to make up his mind, though, something happened that surprised him.

Far, far off in the distance, a small, blue glow that appeared to be the size of a pebble appeared over the horizon, soon bursting into a slightly larger swirl of the same color before fading entirely. Hiccup couldn't help but compare the sight to a Night Fury's fireball, only much further away.

Waitâ€¦!

Hiccup looked at the ecstatic Toothless, then back at the spot where the glow had been. _Could that have beenâ€¦?_ He thought as he stared at the Night Fury. _Is that what he wasâ€¦ waiting for?_

Hiccup stood and faced Toothless. "Toothless, was that a-"

Hiccup's question was interrupted by a sudden lick to the side of his face, courtesy of Toothless, that had so much excitement behind it that he was pushed back into the snow drift.

"I'll take that as a yes?" Hiccup said as he climbed out of the snow for the third time.

Toothless was a bit too distracted to reply as he excitedly ran about, burrowing, leaping, and rolling through the white drifts.

Hiccup smiled as he watched his dragon, taking a small scrap of paper out of his pocket and jotting down a few words, not knowing how accurate his guesses really were.

"_Night Furys have been known to send signals to each other on an annual basis, usually by sending their signature explosive fireballs into the sky. A good, long distance indicator of location._"

Hiccup glanced up from the paper as a spray of snow landed on him after Toothless kicked it up by 'accident'. The Night Fury was now staring at him playfully, his pupils large.

Hiccup smiled, recognizing the gesture as an invitation to join him in the joyful romp. He jotted down one last line, before trip-running through the snow to join in.

"_They may, in fact, not be as rare as we thought._"

* * *

><p>Notes:
Ah, poor Hiccup... I hope he likes being pushed into/covered with snow...

>And, of course, GO NIGHT FURYS!

**Disclaimer:

>I. Do. Not. Own. HTTYD.

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file.